

# STET

A UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA  
STUDENTS' UNION PUBLICATION

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# Editorial . . .

WITH this issue we say goodbye to two of our associate editors whose ambitions lead them to more distant fields, and welcome to our staff two gentlemen whose talents should be valuable. Cliff Bawden leaves to pursue his teaching career, and Miss Helen McGregor, with a scholarship she won this year, leaves to finish the education that will make of her one of those benign and psychic persons who can find a book in the systematic maze of a modern library. To both our colleagues we extend our heartiest good wishes.

Meanwhile our home welcome mat is out for Peter Roberts, a graduate in Education this year who is seeking to add still further lustre to his record at Alberta, and for Charlie Heath, the scientific demon whose

avocation produces the photographic classics we are so proud to reproduce. You will be hearing from both of them.

We hope you will find this issue of STET interesting, and perhaps helpful as well. Some of the writers represented will, we are sure, find their way into more illustrious magazines in due season, but our readers will be able to say with us, "We knew them when . . ." It is a very pleasant feeling, and one you will be able to continue to enjoy through following the fortunes of STET. That subscription (\$1.00 per year) which you have in the mail, or will have very soon, will be doing its share toward the development of our western writers. Meanwhile you might find some very good reading in the modest pages of STET.

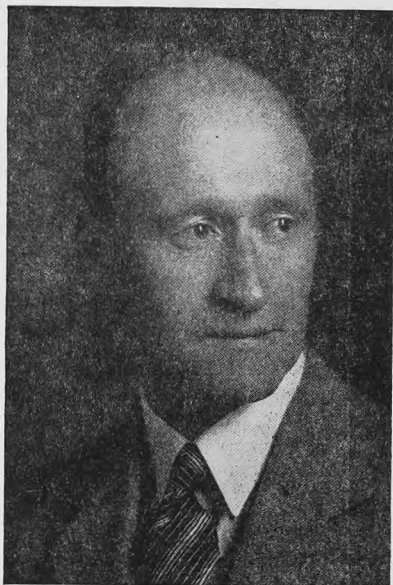
## THE PROFESSOR



*Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!"*

# GUEST EDITORIAL

JOHN MACDONALD, M.A., D.Litt.  
Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Science.



IT is with pleasure I accept the editor's invitation to write a guest editorial for this issue of STET. I may perhaps add something to what has already been said by others to justify the appearance of this comparatively new publication. One can always say there is room for it (as the philosopher said when his wife gave birth to their tenth child) but one can go farther and say there is need for it. This university, like other universities, has its students' newspaper, but *The Gateway*, being a newspaper, has the purveying of news as its primary function. This function can itself be performed on a high or a low level, but in either case it leaves little opening for meeting other needs which journalism should serve. It is here that STET can render its service.

The title *Stet* ("let it stand") has the merit of originality but it leaves me guessing at the reason for it. It may be nothing more than a mere association of ideas. Or it may be a modest appeal for toleration of a new venture. It may, on the other hand, have reference to the editorial task of discriminating between what is worthy of the printed page and what is not. If this last be the idea, then I hope the editors will find no lack of material deserving of "stet".

There should be no such lack. As has been remarked in the guest editorial in the previous issue, the university is concerned

with culture in all its forms "from technology to the fine arts" and is thus a reflection of the variegated cultural needs of a modern community. One hopes that the pages of STET will become increasingly not merely a reflection of this diversity (any publication is likely to become that) but a reflection which is limned by the academically trained mind.

I am one of those who do not like to think or talk of university students as constituting an "elite". They are no doubt a select group in the sense that they have been selected on the basis of certain opportunities, abilities and interests. But "elite" is a word which they themselves or, at any rate, the more intelligent of them, would prefer to avoid. But the word, while objectionable as applied to people, can be applied without offence (if without dictionary sanction) to 'products'—those products of a culture which represent what is fine or choice in it. The university takes a group of more or less ordinary people and seeks to inform their minds with the spirit of what is best in their cultural heritage. The pages of STET should in some measure reflect the results of this undertaking.

Talking of ordinary people, one is apt to ask what they have to do with original writing in any case. And this leads me in turn to wonder how much of what is precious and lasting in our literature has

been the work of ordinary individuals, men and women who seem to have had nothing of the fire of genius nor even gave evidence of the steady glow of high talent. The literary critics are given to distinguishing between genius and talent and to assuming that these between them exhaust the possible sources of our more lasting treasures. I like to look at it another way and draw a threefold distinction:—that which has the quality of greatness, that which has the quality of excellence without greatness, and that which has distinction without either excellence or greatness. There is nothing great about *The Burial of*

*Sir John Moore*, but beyond question it has the quality of excellence. One thinks also of the many imperishable contributions of that mysterious fellow "Anon." whose name we used to see in our school readers and in the hymn books. It is at least a plausible theory that the sort of inspiration that lies behind such an achievement can happen to the ordinary individual. Distinction, on the other hand, is something we have a right to expect from any literary effort which lays claim to the dignity of print. A journal like STET has a public which should not only expect this quality but should be able to produce it in ample measure.



## Stet Contest--FINAL Announcement

1st Prize, \$100.00; 2nd Prize, \$50.00; 3rd Prize, \$25.00

The above prizes are offered for an essay of approximately 3,000 words on the subject:

### TOWN PLANNING TO MEET ALBERTA'S PRESENT AND FUTURE PROBLEMS

The purpose of the donors of the prizes is to gather information and suggestions relating to town planning, to publish in STET magazine the best essays submitted, and to encourage the study of this important subject as it applies and will apply to the development of towns and cities in this growing province.

Essays should be typewritten on one side of the paper only. *The author's* name should not appear on the manuscript, but should be enclosed in a sealed envelope accompanying the entry.

Judges for the contest will be the Honorable A. J. Hooke, Minister of Economic Affairs, Dr. E. P. Scarlett of Calgary, and Professor M. H. Long, of the Department of History, University of Alberta.

Equal credit will be given to style of presentation and importance of subject matter. Winning entries will be available for publication in STET.

All entries must be received on or before AUGUST 15th, 1949, and should be addressed to:

Town Planning Contest  
STET Magazine  
University of Alberta,  
Edmonton.

THE CONTEST IS OPEN TO ALL RESIDENTS OF THE PROVINCE  
OF ALBERTA



# Department of Economic Affairs

## STET CONTEST WINNER

### *Potential Land of Croesus*

by SOPHIE ANNE McKENZIE

ONLY 43 years old, Alberta is coming out of knee pants into longs. Called "a sleeping giant" by some, "a potential land of Croesus" by others, the province is without doubt causing a world-wide stir. Though Alberta is going all out to expand all of her many resources, number one place has been taken by oil. Ever since 1885, when a railway company was drilling for water in Southern Alberta and discovered gas, the Canadian government has had some hint of the West's natural gas and oil resources. But in those days the land was gauged by its productivity, and Alberta's agricultural possibilities were of first concern. Little did anyone then dream of the history-making progress that gas and oil was to bring to this province.

Alberta's first oil boom came between 1894 and 1900 with the discovery of gas at Athabasca, Pelican River, Bow Island, and Viking. This strike was dwarfed when compared with the real oil boom which hit in 1914 after A. W. Dingman brought his well into production at Black Diamond. This was the birth of the famous oil field at Turner Valley, south of Calgary, a field whose production rose from 500 to 600 barrels a day in 1920 to a flow totalling 11,000,000 barrels of naptha in the next four years.

Thus began the hey-day of the stock market where thousands of oil shares changed hands hourly and the "take-a-chance" boys either made their "pile" or lost their shirts. It was the era of gushers and

extravagant waste, when precious gallons of oil went up in smoke and flame. By 1929 with its stock market crash Turner Valley had reached its peak and was on the decline. Realizing that a new field would have to be found, several concerns began their search. One of these was Imperial Oil Limited, which started exploration as early as 1919.

Twenty-eight years later this systematic effort on the part of Imperial Oil Ltd. culminated when the first Leduc oil well came in, sixteen miles south of Edmonton, Alberta, on the memorable afternoon of February 13, 1947, at four o'clock. It was the lineal descendant of 622,600 feet of exploration drilling, and first fruits of an expenditure of millions of dollars. The effects of that strike, which took place on the farm of Mike Turta, were far reaching.

Within twenty-four hours oilmen converged on Leduc, buying all available mineral rights on quarter sections. The size of their cheques dazed hard working farmers, who never dreamed of the rich black crop growing under the soil in their own backyards. A Polish immigrant farmer on his land for thirteen years, is now raking in over two hundred and thirty-three dollars a day from oil "mined" on his property.

The finding of the Leduc oilfield proved a heart-breaker to the Shell Oil Co. Hit by the Second Great War, Shell had decided on a slow-down of activities in less promising areas of its operations in 1946. Alberta was one of the areas picked for a slow-

down, and among the deals dropped by Shell was an agreement covering extensive freehold rights in central Alberta. Some of these rights are now producing oil in the Leduc sector of the Edmonton Oilfield, and others are sitting in close to the new Redwater sector. Leduc was discovered by Imperial a few months after the Shell withdrawal, and Alberta became one of the hottest spots in the world oil development picture.

For the next two years Shell sat on the sidelines, and then on Oct. 20, 1948, a new \$250,000,000 financing arrangement was completed. In Britain, financial editors were unanimous in approval of the new financing arrangements by the company for development in the western hemisphere. One newspaper described this deal as the biggest private financing scheme affecting international trade that the world has heard of for many years.

On September 25, 1948, Alberta's oil was making the headlines again with the second great find at Redwater where oil was discovered on the land of the first settler in the district about 45 miles northwest of Edmonton. It was believed that this discovery would be even more significant than that of the Leduc Oilfield. Mr. Hewetson, president of the Imperial Oil Ltd. said the Redwater find, so close to Edmonton, further increases the probability of this city becoming one of the greatest oil centres in North America. Big oilfields have been found on two sides of the city, and oilmen believe chances are good for finding more fields nearby. Speaking to more than 350 business and oilmen at a meeting sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Hewetson outlined three objectives of the oil industry. First objective had been to establish ample crude reserves to meet prairie refinery requirements. This had been done with the discovery of the Edmonton fields.

Second objective had been to provide refinery capacity to process this additional crude oil on the prairies. "The Edmonton refinery has been established and will be enlarged," said the president, "as will be the Regina refinery." He went on to say "Edmonton is likely to become one of the great oil centres of North America and every city and town in the province will

benefit from oil development as Edmonton continues to grow."

Impressed with Alberta's oil and other natural resources a party of directors of the British Pacific Properties Ltd., who were visiting in Alberta, said oil development on a steadily expanding scale in the Edmonton area is of major strategic importance to Canada and to Empire defence. This brings out the third objective of the oil industry, to transport crude oil to other markets as economically as possible. This involves the contemplated construction of a large pipeline from Alberta to Regina, which is feasible in view of the fact that Alberta's monthly average increase in oil production for the first six months of 1948 was 30 per cent.

The Leduc-Calmar sector of the Edmonton oilfield produced more than 1,000,000 barrels of oil in its first 13 months of production. This compares with the 14 years which it took Turner Valley to produce the same amount. Officials said the Turner Valley field did not produce 1,000,000 barrels in any 13 months until it had been in production for 14 years. Turner Valley continues to show a decrease in production each six month period while the Leduc field increases. Daily average at the Leduc field is 24,555. This is based on the first six months of 1948. Production each day in June was 30,017. Turner Valley reached its peak in 1942 with more than 10,000,000 barrels. This figure had dropped to slightly less than 7,000,000 barrels for the year ending 1947. Revenue to primary producers in Alberta in 1947 was \$18,078,907 while for the first half of 1948 it was \$12,533,512 which is almost 50 per cent higher than the same period in the previous year.

As a result of Alberta's increased oil production the English Steel Corporation, one of 17 firms to come to Edmonton in 1948 with the ever-accelerating search for oil, announced its intention to make an immediate start on construction of a plant to distribute and manufacture oilwell drilling bits and other steel products on a site purchased in Edmonton. Other remaining 16 firms are mainly American. Location of these companies at the city land office read like the claims registered during the Klondyke gold-rush.

Graham W. Curtis, Edmonton's Industrial Commissioner revealed that of the 68 new industries which located in the city of Edmonton in 1948, an even 50 were directly connected with oil. In a recent survey it was discovered that these 50 companies brought with them a payroll between \$11,000,000 and \$12,000,000 yearly, and employment for between 2,900 and 3,000 persons. Capital cost of providing their plants and warehouses was \$2,000,000, exclusive of the \$8,500,000 spent in building the refinery owned by Imperial Oil Limited east of the city.

Taken on a basis of one wage earner in a four person family, Edmonton's 1948 payroll and employment gains were as if a city the size of Medicine Hat with its population of 12,859, had been suddenly added here. In his report to Mayor Ainlay of Edmonton, Industrial Commissioner Curtis forecast that the year of 1949 would be a year of even greater expansion.

Hon. James A. MacKinnon, minister of mines and resources disclosed that revenue to Alberta oil producers from sales of crude oil and natural gas has almost trebled in a year's time. He said revenue in October of 1948 from these sources was \$3,467,231, compared with \$1,675,793 in the same month of 1947. It is Mr. MacKinnon's belief that development of the mineral and oil resources of western Canada in 1948, contributed greatly to the general prosperity of the mining industry throughout the country.

Besides the oil development at Leduc, Turner Valley and Redwater, Alberta has the Lloydminster wells, 82 of which delivered 60,978 barrels in October, 1948. Greatest reserve of heavy crude yet found in Canada, Lloydminster has been expanding potential faster than the market could absorb production.

There are new strikes in other parts of the province as well. Leading explorers for oil on the southern Alberta plains, the California Standard Co., has passed the 2,000,000 barrel mark, although the firm's oil discoveries so far have been small fields. Then too, there are new oil strikes in south-east Alberta at the Hanna Petroleums and Socony-Craigmyle wells. Mr. Hewetson of Imperial Oil Ltd. said, "There are 50 geophysical parties operating in Alberta

making it the third most active area on the continent in the field of exploration. More fields and more reserves will, I feel confident, be discovered." Plans of his company for 1949 include a new capital investment of \$30,000,000. This money will be devoted entirely to new production and new exploration, and does not include operating costs of existing company enterprises in the province. The company's refinery at Edmonton, known as Valesso, will have a daily capacity of 11,000 barrels. Future development includes the construction of a second crude unit and possible doubling of employees by the end of 1949.

Mr. Moor, refinery superintendent says Imperial Oil is endeavoring to supply as much oil as possible in Canada, to save foreign exchange, and by reduced transportation charges to supply oil products to Canadians at lower prices.

By January 3, 1949, the refinery had processed its millionth barrel of Leduc-Woodbend sector oil despite the fact that it had been in operation only about six months. Edmonton's second big oil refinery, to be built by the McColl-Frontenac Oil Company at an estimated construction cost of \$10,000,000 will be started this year, according to word received from Mr. Pritchard of Montreal, president of the company.

Visiting Edmonton with senior officers on an annual inspection trip across Canada, Mr. Whiteford of Toronto, president of the B.A. Oil Company said that his firm is budgeting for around \$2,000,000 for drilling and exploration in Alberta in 1949. Added to this Stanolind Oil and Gas is bringing three American rigs into Alberta for its drilling program on holdings in the north central Alberta plains. According to a 1948 year-end statistical review by C. O. Nickle, Calgary, Oil Bulletin editor, prairie oil production during 1948 climbed by 62 per cent to 11,950,000 barrels, the highest figure in Canadian history. Estimates for the lands and mines department, passed at the 1948 session of the legislature, put expected revenue for the 1948-49 fiscal period at \$4,299,250. That amount has already been left far behind as revenues from royalties, rentals and other sources are pouring into provincial coffers at an average of \$1,000,000 a month. More than

60 per cent of this sum is believed to be coming from oil and other mining lands.

With more of its leases in the Redwater field still to be sold it is estimated that the provincial government might net the treasury more than \$2,000,000 for the first few months of 1949.

Speaking to members of the Edmonton Chamber of Commerce, at their 59th annual meeting on January 5, 1949, Hon. Douglas Abbott, federal minister of finance said, "One of the most important single factors in Canada's improved trade position and reserves is the expansion of Alberta's oil industry, particularly in the Edmonton district. Developments in Alberta oil already have been of considerable assistance in saving United States dollars. If the extensive exploration currently underway both in Alberta and in the North West should

prove as successful as Leduc and Redwater, Canada may be on its way to greater self-sufficiency than ever dreamed.

"Some hold out the hope that when the Alberta and North West resources are fully known and developed, Canada may become an oil-exporting country. Government policy has and will continue to contribute to the further development of Alberta's oil industry."

We in Alberta are just beginning to realize the transformation that is being wrought by the intensified search for oil in our province. With the discovery of the Leduc and Redwater oil sectors, and the great interest being shown in further development of our resources by top executives in many countries, it is little wonder that some of us are commencing to think of Alberta as a "Potential Land of Croesus."



# THE ORIGIN OF POETRY

(Translated from an Icelandic Manuscript  
of the Early Thirteenth Century.)

NOW the origins of poetry were as follows. The gods had a quarrel with those folk who are called Vanir, and they held a peace-meeting and established a truce in this way: Each of them went to a vat and spat his spittle into it. When the two companies parted, the gods took that peace-offering, since they didn't like to let it perish, and they made a man out of it. This man was called Kvasir, and he was so wise that he knew the answer to every question that could be put to him. He used to go throughout the world teaching mankind. Kvasir was once invited to the home

of certain dwarves, Fjalir and Galarr, and they took him aside to talk and then killed him and let his blood run into two vats and a kettle . . . They blended honey with his blood, and the result was that mead which has the power to make the man who drinks it into a poet or a scholar. And the dwarves sent word to the gods that Kvasir had choked himself on his own brilliance, since there was none so wise as to question his wisdom . . . And that's why we call poetry "Kvasir's Blood".

M. H. S.



# A MODEST REVERSAL

By DOREEN EXLEY

AS the door closed behind him with a decisive click Mr. Ramsay adjusted his hat with an angry gesture and settled his morning paper more firmly under his arm. His feet pounded the sidewalk in a grim tattoo.

"Damn Agnes," he thought, "Why couldn't she have told me sooner that she wanted the car. She knows how I hate going up to town by train, especially when I have to rush my breakfast to do it." Here a wave of self-sympathy overwhelmed him and the thought whined within him, "After all, she should remember that it's bad for my digestion."

His black mood had almost evaporated by the time he reached the station. He elbowed his way through the morning crowd feeling almost good humoured. He was even looking forward to a session with the boys as he jauntily mounted the coach steps. But his way was suddenly barred and a husky negro voice broke in upon his consciousness.

"You can't ride in this coach, it's reserved for niggers."

Mr. Ramsay felt an electric shock of surprise which showed itself clearly on his face. The negro evidently enjoyed the situation as he grinned and said, "Ain't you heard? Old Black Joe is President now and things are going to be a little different around here." "Old Black Joe" . . . "President." With a start Ramsay realized that these words were throbbing in the air all around him and for the first time he became aware of a strange tension in the commuting crowd. His eyes wandered down the train and he saw Thompson entering the last coach. He shouldered his way down to it and clambered aboard. In the half darkness he made out Thompson and two more of his friends. They had turned one seat round and they were talking earnestly to each other. The seat beside Thompson was empty, he stumbled over to it and sat down.

As he looked about him Ramsay saw that the carriage was dirty, the windows were streaked and grimy and the air was heavy with a smell of uncleanness. Suddenly he noticed Samuels sitting across the aisle from him. A wave of irritation passed through

him; he didn't like that damned Jew. The mere fact that Samuels had somehow succeeded in buying property just one block from Ramsay had always rankled not only Ramsay but also his friends. Up to Samuels' coming they had succeeded in keeping their special little community free of all impurities. Samuels' limpid brown eyes were fixed with great interest on Ramsay's little group. Ramsay became aware of the conversation of his friends; it was concerned with one topic—Old Black Joe—and his friends were not happy. Their voices, raised in protest against the election of a negro president, buzzed like so many angry bees. Ramsay opened his paper and the headlines snarled forth at him. It was true, then. The impossible had happened. The negro candidate who before the election had been a source of so much mirth had been swept into the White House. This was the most unprecedented occurrence in the whole of American history.

The voices of the others ebbed and flowed around him.

"It's incredible."

"The country is headed for the dogs. Imagine! A bloody nigger! God! How the world will laugh at us."

"What do they mean? 'The carriages are reserved for niggers.' Damned undemocratic, I say."

Ramsay glanced over at Samuels. The Jew's face wore a strange expression that could almost be described as satisfaction. As the train began to move Samuels looked out of the window and snickered . . . . .

\* \* \*

Agnes wrinkled up her nose as she surveyed the litter of the breakfast table. She wriggled her foot back into her slipper and, taking up her coffee, wandered into the drawing room. There she lit a cigarette and esconced herself in one of the easy chairs and turned her attention to the fashion magazine. The thought of Rodney's annoyance when she had asked for the car returned to her but Agnes hated to think of unpleasant things so had developed the ability to ignore them when they came to her. Having built up a pleasant frame of



mind she gave herself up to blissful relaxation. She had three hours before she had to meet Marie so there was no need for hurry. The clatter of dishes came to her as Africa began to clear the breakfast table, but the sound did not distract her thoughts from the contemplation of velvet and lamé. Which to choose? She sighed heavily. How annoying and yet how pleasant it was to deliberate which material to choose. Once during her reflections the election obtruded itself upon her thoughts but she pushed it away. Agnes had no interest in politics. "And after all," she argued, "the result is a foregone conclusion. But the impertinence of that negro." The thought made her smile.

After a while she reluctantly aroused herself from her reverie and went upstairs. Africa had already put out her dress for her on the bed. Agnes enjoyed the luxury of a leisurely toilet and emerged looking like a model from a fashion plate, glittering and polished. Before she left the house she looked through the morning's mail; an invitation to a cocktail party, a few bills, a letter for Hugo, probably just a bill, there was nothing of importance. Picking up her copy of the morning paper she swiftly turned to the society page and saw with a feeling of satisfaction that her soiree of the night before held a prominent position in the third column.

Agnes felt exceptionally gay and self-confident as she slid into her car. Her being responded with a thrill as the powerful machine leapt forward and the motor purred like a huge cat that was in ecstasy under a caressing hand. She weaved her way amongst the traffic and within a few minutes drew up before Marie's door. They were soon on their way to town, filled with almost child-like anticipation at the promise of a day of shopping. Marie and Agnes both bloomed like hot-house plants when their thoughts centred on hushed dress salons where anxious, painted creatures hovered about them like butterflies. They indulged in a delightful discussion regarding the choice of velvet or lamé and Agnes mentally preened herself as Marie let fall a compliment here and there. Of course she didn't take all the compliments seriously, but they were pleasant to hear. Agnes, at times, felt greatly unappreciated, Rodney never seemed to notice things any more, he

was so tied up with business and politics. Agnes shuddered. After all, though they had been married twenty-five years, Agnes felt she still retained much of her attractiveness. She took a quick glimpse into the front mirror to confirm her thought.

Agnes' complacency received a profound shock when she attempted to park the car and for the first time she experienced a slight weakening of her sense of security. She tried to park in the last vacant spot on the parking lot on eighty-fifth but the negro car park attendant gave precedence to a young negress driving a coupe and Agnes heard for the first time, "Old Black Joe's President now." Marie and Agnes looked at each other in horror but said nothing. The thing was impossible. It couldn't be true. So they remained silent.

For the next hour they spent an exciting, though exhausting, time in Madame Yvette's dress salon. But the words 'Old Black Joe' and 'President' tugged at Agnes' mind and despite her most strenuous efforts she could not banish them. The momentous choice was finally made and the fate of eight yards of rich, wine-coloured velvet had been decided upon. Within a short while steel shears were cleanly but coldly cutting it apart and the transformation into a gown had begun. Meanwhile Marie and Agnes wandered round one of the larger department stores enjoying, in a sophisticated way, the bourgeois pastime of darting from counter to counter and handling the goods on display. It was when Agnes realised she had to phone Rodney that she had her second shock of the day.

She left Marie drinking coffee and confidently made her way to the public telephones. As she was entering one of the booths a black hand slid over her arm and a feminine negro voice said,

"Sorry, ma'am, the whites' phone is down there. This one here is for negro folks only."

Agnes followed the direction of the pointing black finger and she saw an uninviting phone booth at the other end of the room. She was about to protest but the look in the negro girl's eyes stayed her and she walked down to the other phone booth. As she pushed open the door she was assailed with a sickening smell of stale air, the booth reeked of smoke and sweat and a general griminess. Someone had spit on the floor and a blob of green phlegm stared balefully

up at her. The receiver when she took hold of it felt sticky. A feeling of repugnance shook her whole body and she wanted to be physically sick. But steeling herself, she dialed Rodney's number. The sound of the buzzer as it rang intermittently seemed to insult her further with its unperturbed rhythm. An eternity seemed to pass but there was no answer. Chocking back a sob, Agnes angrily replaced the receiver and ran back to the luncheon counter. She wanted to get home. Marie asked no questions but quietly followed. All the way home Agnes' thoughts whirled about in her mind and for the first time she realised the vulnerability of her little world. Why had it happened? And how? . . . .

\* \* \*

Hugo Ramsay whistled softly as his slender fingers worked at the intricacies of a bow tie. He felt amazingly good considering the condition he had been in last night. Yes, his hangover was so slight it was almost agreeable, at least he could think, and this morning Hugo found it a pleasure to think. His mind dwelt on the image of the softly curved body, white arms, inviting lips, oh yes, Holly was worth while thinking about. She was different from the usual type of girl from her class. He wondered if she were really as naive as she seemed or whether it was just a pose. Whichever it was he liked it. If it was a pose Hugo liked the game of pretend, if it wasn't and she still did have a lot to learn, well Hugo was quite content to teach. Finally the tie met with his satisfaction. Tom, his negro valet, stood behind him holding his jacket. Hugo glanced at Tom's reflection in the mirror, he was handsome, thought Hugo, for a negro. As he slipped the coat up over Hugo's shoulders Tom said in his soft, drawing voice,

"I shall be leaving at the end of the week. I'm going to college."

"Oh! will you have time to make arrangements between now and then?"

"All arrangements are made."

Hugo gave a short laugh.

"You were pretty sure of Old Black Joe, weren't you? How'd you know? African voodoo or something?" Hugo laughed again but the negro only stiffened slightly and said nothing. "Well, I shall miss you but I wish you all the luck." Hugo held out his hand and the two men shook hands as they

looked steadfastly at each other. Hugo was the first to drop his eyes.

He later emerged from the house looking very carefree, his hat was set at a jaunty angle and he swung a short cane nonchalantly. As he did so he found himself speculating on his parents' reactions to the news of the election. The thoughts amused him. His thoughts ranged about the probable reactions amongst his parents' acquaintances. At one point Hugo stopped short, threw back his head and gave vent to a loud laugh. It was so very ludicrous. Hugo gave himself entirely to the contemplation of the general reaction to the impossibility that had become a reality. Suddenly he stopped short a second time, glanced up at the sky and murmured,

"Honest Abe, is this what you really wanted?" Grinning puckishly he continued on his way . . . .

\* \* \*

Dinner that evening at the Ramsay's was a very quiet meal. Agnes looked as though she might have been crying. Mr. Ramsay ate his food stolidly with his eyes for the most part fixed on his plate. A little secret smile played about Hugo's lips as he ate. After a silent meal the three of them moved into the drawing room where Africa had already taken in the coffee. Agnes finally broke the silence shrilly—

"Rodney, how could they let it happen? How COULD they?" There was a hysterical note in her voice. Rodney looked up from the paper and muttered,

"Allow what to happen?"

"Oh!" a note of exasperation came into her voice. "You know very well, this Old Black Joe business! Why did they allow it?" Hugo sat at the piano where his slender fingers picked out the refrain of "There'll be Some Changes Made."

"Hugo!" Agnes' voice crackled through the room. "Stop that insane playing. Don't you realize what has happened?" Hugo laughed and began to sing the words softly. Agnes gave a little cry, pushed back her chair with an angry movement and ran out of the room. Rodney lowered his paper and began to remonstrate with his son but took refuge again behind his paper when Hugo only grinned.

The music from the piano swelled and filled the room—"There'll be Some Changes made."

# T. S. Eliot and I

by Marjorie Lee

NO, this is not going to be an attempt at learned dissertation on Eliot and his poetry; I should like you to read some of his work sometime, and find what is in it for you, that is all. Many people read a couple of pages of Eliot, try heroically to understand what it is about, and give it up in disgust, calling it sheer nonsense. But are Nobel prizes given out for nonsense? I doubt it. Then, they will argue, he must write for the connoisseur, the erudite; he does not speak to the man in the street. Yet, what he says can mean something to anyone who has any taste for, or faith in poetry, even as it came to have meaning for me.

When I was in high school, we had to study an anthology of poetry which contained three short works of Eliot: *Journey of the Magi*, *Rhapsody on a Windy Night*, and *The Hollow Man*. Now the *Magi* didn't impress me very much; it was just a poem that more or less made sense, though obviously more sense to my teacher than to me. I can't remember having any particular sensation toward the *Rhapsody*, but *The Hollow Man*! Sheer, incomprehensible nonsense! I was fascinated. Since one was required to commit a certain number of lines to memory, I memorized it. That editor had put no punctuation in the whole work, so I used to take a deep breath and rattle it off as fast as possible; it seemed hilarious. But Mr. Eliot caught up with me. I found he was like a delayed-action cocktail, though superior to any cocktail as his kick not only lasts but gathers intensity as time goes on. Mr. Eliot, incidentally, would not be flattered by that comparison, as he is a man of stern clerical morals. Bits of his imagery or thought would come, unbidden, into my mind at the oddest times. I remember on reading of Hiroshima—do you remember what a shock that was?—some of his lines from *The Hollow Man* came crashing into my thoughts: they described aimless, futile people wandering on the banks of a river that might be Lethe; while they look dully on, the poem carries

you on to the dry little jingle which finishes off the world "Not with a bang, but a whimper." And suddenly what had seemed a mere foolish confusion of words echoed the voices of those prophetic scientists who had made Hiroshima (and what else?) possible.

And so I became curious and eventually got around to reading more of his work, and found it filled with a wealth of meaning. The world around you, daily experience, you yourself are suddenly set before you under a new light, almost a glare of light that shows up all the flaws, and penetrates surface veneer. Things distasteful or mediocre become ugly, but the things which survive as beautiful must, it seems, be honestly so. A few short phrases can play havoc with any complacency you have felt toward your existence; read *Prufrock* a few times, and see how often you'll think, "I have measured out my life with coffee spoons." It is something we all do but seldom realize. No, Mr. Eliot is not a very pleasant man to meet, as a rule. Perhaps I am drawn to him because he dislikes so many of the things I do. Subtly and with no specific allusions, he condemns the machines which turn human beings into automatons. Have you ever had to punch a time-clock? In many places he paints the futility of a life which passes as full and rich, simply because it is packed with activity; usually meaningless and trivial activity. From all walks of life and all stages of history he chooses his examples, *Prufrock*, the smart young man-about-town, the fancy lady and the Cockney pub-crawlers of *A Game of Chess*, even the dictator, Caesar, or whoever it is that parades before us in *Coriolan*. Their lives are all somewhat the same; only the setting and method of expression really differ. He never describes futility, or whatever quality of human life he is picturing, just leaves one with a series of images or impressions of it, and I find these come back to me, even when I have no intention of thinking of Eliot.

I will admit Eliot's work is a bit hard to

read at first, although with most of it the musical flow of words and varied rhythms will carry you along. But the first time you read one of his poems, although the various recorded impressions or images seem clear enough, and certainly many of them are vivid, beautiful and powerful, they seem to form no whole. It is rather as if he wandered through a garden, picking flowers at random. On the first reading, it is easy enough to pick out and admire the individual blossoms, but takes some effort to realize that grouped together they form a perfectly balanced bouquet. Believe me, a glimpse of the whole is worth some effort.

There are those who resent the many echoes of other writers and the odd lines of foreign language to be found scattered through Eliot, for they say either he presupposes his own wide education in his readers or wishes to make them slave to understand him. To appreciate him fully, no doubt it is necessary to work—much harder than I have so far. But ignorance of the meaning of a couple of lines of German in the middle of the poem will not rob the whole of its sense, and although the effect

he is trying to create is more powerful if you can realize the poem he is echoing, it will still stand the test as good poetry if you cannot. I found *A Game of Chess* a wonderful work of art long before I saw Olivier's *Hamlet* and realized that the sordid party, saying their farewells outside the pub were speaking the words of the mad Ophelia. Certainly the concluding lines seem more significant now, but they seemed adequate and clear before. It is the same with other echoes and allusions.

Read enough of Eliot's work, and he will pull back for you at least a few of the curtains which cover the reality about you. Of course, even he cannot be right all the time, and one may not agree with his interpretation of life in many ways, but once you have seen a bit of the world through his eyes, whether you agree or not, you'll find your own view changed here and there. For myself, I find that each time I look at his picture, find it distasteful in some way and try to change it and still keep it truthful, I find it a bit harder to change than it was the time before.

A good many young writers make the mistake of enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, big enough for the manuscript to come back in. This is too much of a temptation to the editor.

Personally I have found it a good scheme to not even sign my name to the story,

and when I have got it sealed up in its envelope and stamped and addressed, I take it to some town where I don't live and mail it from there. The editor has no idea who wrote the story, so how can he send it back? He is in a quandary.

—Ring Lardner.



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7:30 - 4:30



# WHAT IS A LIBERAL EDUCATION?

By V. FREMLIN

I WENT through High School in the Miss Groby era. Miss Groby (so christened by James Thurber) is a lady familiar to almost everyone over the age of twenty. She is the "teecher" caricatured on a million blackboards. Miss Groby taught her students to see English literature, not as something to be read and enjoyed, but as a vast and dreadful collection of main and subordinate clauses. It was Miss Groby who thought Wordsworth's poem would have been improved if it had read,

"Fair is a star when only thirty-seven  
are shining in the sky—"

because, of course, one could ask on an Examination *how many stars?* Miss Groby's pupils never dreamed that French was a language which people actually spoke, read or thought in; they believed it was a collection of rules and exceptions to the rules. Their aim (which, if realized, enabled them to pass any French examination) was to learn rules by heart. They never, however, learned any French.

Miss Groby is gone, and may she have peace; hers was the day of functional education. In those dim, far-off times, there was no question as to why one went to school, or what sort of education one sought. One went to school because if one didn't one was handicapped in the matter of getting a job. Parents haunted teachers, yelling for yet more practical education.

"Why don't they learn shorthand-typing?" they demanded. "What good's it going to do them to learn Latin when they go to get a job?"

And so the Miss Grobys thumped English grammar into our heads, and a little later

someone else thumped shorthand-and-typing; and we stumbled out into the world knowing nothing, our only prospect that of spending years—perhaps the rest of our lives—plugging away at some illpaid clerical job.

It was not a liberal education; it was scarcely an education at all, but it was all there was for the average, middle class Canadian.

One could argue indefinitely on what actually does constitute a liberal education. In his pamphlet *On Education*, Milton defines it:

"I call therefore a complete and generous Education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."

That is, the liberally educated man must be of value to the state and to himself; he must be a useful citizen and a happy individual. Milton went on to describe what he felt would give a man a liberal education, and the curriculum he proposed is an awe-inspiring one. (One item, mentioned in passing, was the learning of the Italian tongue "at any odd hour").

The educational system suggested by Milton has never been adopted; I doubt if it has even been attempted. It demanded extraordinary qualities in both teacher and pupil; and it would no doubt have been extremely expensive. Nevertheless, the goal Milton looked to—that of preparing the student to be of value both to himself and to the state—seems to me to be the true ideal of a liberal education.

Supposing one accepts this as one's goal, how is one to acquire such an education?



Certainly not through Miss Groby and her comrades. However, Miss Groby is gone, and today her place is occupied by a new school of education. They are leaning over backwards to avoid Miss Grobyism, but whether they are approaching any closer to Milton's ideal of the happy and useful man is questionable. Their theory appears to be, roughly, that a child should learn as he wishes to learn and as he is ready to learn; he is not to have facts and figures stuffed down his throat with a text book. This theory is good; but it does not seem entirely sufficient.

First of all, one must face the fact that learning requires some effort on the part of the student; even Milton, who loved studying, admitted that the first slope of the hill was steep and difficult. High school students graduating now are taught to believe that they ought not to have to do any work. Essays submitted by freshman classes are appallingly bad; the students have no idea of how to express themselves. They have apparently been taught no grammar, no mechanics, no construction. This is no doubt the result of a reaction from Grobyism, and I heard an ardent Deweyite heroically defend it.

"We feel," she said, "that writing essays to suit college professors' ideas isn't the purpose of education."

And quite right, but through lack of knowledge of purely mechanical matters, the students were unable to express their own ideas intelligibly. And surely the ability to express and communicate one's ideas is necessary for being either happy or useful.

It seems then, that the new school of Educators in their attempt to correct a purely functional and unimaginative education, have gone too far in the opposite direction. They are spoon-feeding the students; and this is as pernicious, in its preparation for life outside of school, as the shorthand-typing background. In addition, the new system has failed to correct many of the old evils. How is French taught today? By a competent instructor who teaches the children to speak and read the language, to have some facility and enjoyment in it? Not on your life. Miss Groby's rule-book is still there, as large and important as if it really did have something to do with learning French.

What practical suggestions can one make toward securing a liberal education? How can one be educated so as to be happy and useful, equipped to accomplish things for one's own self-respect and also to be sufficiently valuable to the world that it will feed and clothe you?

I am not going to attempt to draw up a curriculum for what I think would constitute a liberal education. Its aim, I think, should not be directed at first toward preparation for making a living, but rather it should aim to teach one *to live*—with oneself and with society. Ideas of good citizenship should be inculcated—generosity, cooperation, independence. The students' aesthetic senses should be trained and developed; at present high school students seem to belong to one of two equally repellent groups—the philistines, little boors who are proud of their boorishness; and the equally unattractive intellectual snobs. Surely they can be taught honestly to love and understand aesthetic values without becoming obnoxious.

Eventually, of course, education must be practical and must be directed toward qualifying the student to perform a useful function in society and to support himself. I think that in this practical function Educators have the least difficulty; it is in fitting the child first to live with himself and to be a happy, self-sufficient person, that the difficulty rises. The results of disregarding this necessity are evident in the proportion of unhappy people in our society—neurotic women, men with stomach-ulcers and evil dispositions—people who haven't learned to live either with themselves or with anyone else, who haven't adjusted themselves to society, and who are a misery to themselves and a burden to others.

How can this system of education be secured? Manifestly it cannot be contrived while teaching is left to incompetent, poorly-trained and psychologically unsuited people. It must be placed in the hands of people eminently qualified and trained, and dedicated to their task. It is, after all, of paramount importance that children should be properly educated; they can be injured by falling into the hands of an ignorant, indifferent, or fanatical teacher. I should think that some screening system should

be inaugurated by the university, so that only those eminently suited to the responsibility should be allowed in the profession. To secure people of this calibre, it will of course be necessary to make the profession financially and otherwise attractive. It may be objected that to train and pay such teachers, and to institute such a curriculum, would be prohibitively expensive.

It would certainly be an expensive project; and so it should be. The damage done by cheaply educated people is evident in the world today. Man's inhumanity to man has been making countless thousands (in ever increasing numbers) mourn far too

long. Rather than the view that we cannot afford to improve our educational system, we should face the fact that we cannot afford not to. The trouble caused by the errors and viciousness of half-educated, badly-adjusted people is far more expensive than any educational system, be it ever so ambitious.

No system of education can give a student qualities he does not have; and much of a liberal education must be learned from life. Nevertheless, formal education gives a man a solid foundation on which to build and enables him to put his experiences to profitable use.



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MR. HEDLEY AND A JUNIOR ART CLASS

Photo by Ranson, Edmonton.

# The Muster Roll

(Of Albertans who, without benefit of high position or of great wealth, have made significant contributions to the life and civilization of the West.)

## 2. Robert Wesley Hedley, F.R.S.A.

by Milwyn Adams Davies

**R**OBERT Wesley Hedley did not have time to talk that Sunday afternoon. One of the Thursday night classes was trying to get its project finished for the year end exhibition. The teacher of this group had her class working on a mural because this gave the least talented an opportunity to work with the most talented in a co-operative effort. Asked what they would like the mural to represent, the children had decided on their most recurrent dream. There are thirty children in the class, ranging from eight to fifteen years. Drawings were submitted to the teacher and the best were chosen. Those pupils whose drawings were not chosen were assigned to create the background of the mural.

We were looking at an exhibition of pictures from Saskatoon when the teacher came along. "Mr. Hedley," she said, "we are short two fine brushes for the background."

"I think I have exactly what you want," Mr. Hedley said. He brought a large wooden box out of some unexpected place in his office, and there were two brushes that suited the purpose exactly.

Any day you feel like paying a visit to the Edmonton Museum of Arts, you will find Mr. Hedley there eager and willing to show you around, or to give you any information you may need. Every day, including Sunday, you will find him at his post from nine a.m. to ten p.m.

Before we could get started again there was a call for help with the wooden frame of the mural. Then, with a pat on the head of one child and a word of praise for another, we started towards the office once more.

"When did you start teaching art?" Mr. Hedley looked up from the wooden box. He

had noticed that a lad was using a fine brush where a coarse one would have been better. He looked at me and laughed. Mr. Hedley is a very happy man. He smiles a great deal. Perhaps that is why the children are so fond of him.

"Well, now, that's a long story. You see I didn't start out to be an artist or an art teacher. Wait until I get this brush to that lad and I'll tell you."

Mr. Hedley is a tall man in his late seventies. His hair, which is plentiful, is iron grey. But it is his eyes that tell the story of the man. They are a quiet grey and you know that, however disturbed and excited other people may get, Mr. Hedley will remain calm and quietly efficient.

Mr. Hedley was born in the township of Seneca in Haldimand County on the Niagara Peninsula. He taught the three R's in No. 12 Seneca. That was where he met Mrs. Hedley. She was Sadie King. They went to school together and taught in adjoining sections.

There was a little more trouble with the mural. The frame was quite unwieldy and it needed a special saw that Mr. Hedley had tucked away somewhere.

"I was telling you how I came to be interested in art. After taking a double honours course in Mathematics and Science at the University of Toronto, and a teaching degree at Hamilton, I was appointed to the High School staff of Paris, Ontario. At our first staff meeting it was found there was no one to teach art. The principal asked me to try it. I told him I knew nothing about the subject but that I could learn."

"And you did."

"I did my best. I went to Toronto and scoured the book stores for books on art. For four months I sat down with pencil and



paper and drew every exercise until it was perfect. You couldn't tell which was my drawing and which was the illustration. Then I studied for two years and obtained the Ontario Education Committee's certificate as an art specialist."

In 1912 Mr. Hedley decided to come West. Here he participated in the boom and sold real estate. "I've never been sorry I came," Mr. Hedley said. "I've enjoyed every minute of it." By 1914 the bottom was falling out of real estate and Mr. Hedley turned once more to teaching. Mr. Carpenter, who was Superintendent of the Edmonton Public Schools at that time, had been a fellow student at the Normal College, Hamilton, Ontario, and Mr. Hedley approached him regarding a position on the High School staff. He was asked to send in his qualification. After listing his degrees and his teaching experience, Mr. Hedley added a footnote to the effect that he had a certificate to teach art. Here history repeated itself. There was no one to teach art. "It seemed as if I wasn't to get away from it," Mr. Hedley said. "Mr. Mackenzie, the chairman of the Board, asked me to become Art Supervisor of the Public Schools."

"Was this a new departure in Edmonton?" I asked.

"Yes, it was. Up to that time the art had been taught by anyone who had a liking for it."

"How did you go about it?"

"I've always believed that in order to teach anything you have to be taught. I sent to the States to the big art centres and high schools for information about the methods followed there. From the study of these courses I evolved a plan for the Edmonton schools. First, I planned the work for three months ahead. Then the course was mimeographed and in the hands of the teachers before the school term began. The teachers who were interested in the art course were invited to attend classes which I conducted at Victoria High School on Saturday mornings. Many of these students became first class art teachers. They produced work of a very high quality at these Saturday morning classes. They took their art very seriously."

In 1915 Mr. Hedley was invited to teach an art course to high school teachers at the Summer School of the University of

Alberta. He continued to do this for twenty-one years. In 1929 he was appointed to the staff of the Normal School where he taught mathematics and art until his retirement in 1937. Later, when the School of Education was organized, Mr. Hedley was invited to teach the high school art and continued for two years after his retirement was effective. Mr. Hedley's name is synonymous with art in the schools of Alberta. Throughout the province his former students remember the kindly man who made mathematics easier for them and who taught them to draw. Every Normal School student had to have a knowledge of the rudiments of art. Even the least adept obtained enough knowledge from this patient man to teach their small pupils the difference between the right and the wrong way to draw.

The mural was getting nicely on its way. We were in another room admiring the truly beautiful paintings that have been donated to the Museum from time to time.

"If only we had more space," Mr. Hedley said. Then he smiled "We've so much more space now, and yet we always have so much less than we could use."

"When did you first have the idea of a Museum?" I asked.

"Way back in 1920. The pioneer days were fast disappearing then. People were just beginning to feel the need for the finer things of life. Dr. R. B. Wells was very interested in art. He asked me what I thought about forming an art gallery in Edmonton. After talking around a bit, I found that quite a number of people were interested and thought it would be a very good idea if we could find a place to exhibit pictures and have someone to look after them. I was willing to do all I could, but I was teaching at the time and it would have to be someone with a great deal of leisure. Mrs. David Bowman offered her services. Then I asked Mr. Hill, who was the librarian at the time, if he could spare us some space. The result was that we called a public meeting at the lecture room of the public library. This was our first art gallery. The National Gallery at Ottawa sent us five pictures by outstanding artists for our first exhibition. By 1924 we'd progressed enough to incorporate under the name of *The Edmonton Museum of Arts*.



The Museum has been very lucky in the number of public spirited people who have worked through the years to make it successful. In the beginning, Dr. Wells was the Chairman, Mr. W. A. Hill was the Secretary, Mr. J. A. McDougall was Treasurer, and Mrs. David Bowman was Director.

"How long was the Museum at the library?" I asked.

"Until 1927. We had been feeling the need for more space for some time. I knew that part of the fourth floor of the Civic Block was going to be vacant, so after a talk with the committee we approached the city commissioners. The City Council has always been very sympathetic towards the Museum. We had the use of this space rent free, together with light, water and janitor service."

With the larger space Mr. Hedley felt that the Museum could now participate in the exhibits sent out from the National Gallery and from other art centres. He soon discovered that the cost of these exhibits was prohibitive because of the erratic way in which they were conducted. Mr. Hedley wrote to Mr. Currie to ask if it would be possible to rectify this. As a result of Mr. Hedley's initiative, the Western Circuit was formed. Pictures are now continually on the move; a larger number of Canadian artists can participate in the exhibits and have a better chance of being seen by their fellow Canadians. A great reduction has been effected in the cost.

In 1943 Mrs. Bowman retired. Where, before, Mr. Hedley had spent a great deal of his time at the Museum, he now spent all his time there. It was then that the Carnegie Grant, which had been operative during the last five years of Mrs. Bowman's tenure, came to and end. In the first years of the grant there was an enrollment of eighty children from the city schools on a quota basis, on the recommendation of the art teachers. In addition, twenty-five young people with definite talent were enrolled. When the grant ended Mr. Hedley continued the work with the assistance of some city firms and a small fee from each student. Today there is an enrollment of one hundred and fifty children who attend classes on Thursday nights and Saturday mornings. This is the maximum the Museum can take, which is another reason why Mr. Hedley

would like more space. Young people and children are his specialty, and he has put a great deal of effort into the work entailed in keeping their classes open. Five teachers are employed to teach these classes. They are chosen for their sympathetic attitudes as well as for their ability. Adult classes are held on Wednesday evenings. Since the formation of the Department of Fine Arts at the University of Alberta, Mr. Hedley urges the students of outstanding talent to go forward to the classes at the University after they have absorbed all they can at the Museum. He considers the Museum a feeder for the University.

Mr. Hedley spends a great many of his waking moments thinking up ways to make the Museum a more desirable place. He feels that as it belongs to the people of Edmonton they should be aware of it and proud of it, and should make greater use of its facilities. He is always scheming to get more room to house it and to exhibit its precious possessions. It was with much joy that Mr. Hedley moved with the Museum to the Family Allowance Building on 102nd Avenue. This was ground floor space. At last there was room to house pictures and to exhibit them. Mr. Hedley, ever on the alert to advertize the Museum, made space available to the other arts for lecture rooms, workshops, rehearsal space. Photography, Music and Drama were grateful for this accommodation. Having induced a large number of people to visit the Museum through this method, Mr. Hedley began to think of the thousands of people in Edmonton who had never set foot in the Museum, and of the thousands who had never even heard of it. "I thought if we had Sunday afternoon concerts here we could bring hundreds of people to look at the pictures," Mr. Hedley said, "so I spoke to the Ladies of the Auxiliary and told them what I had in my mind. 'It's the youngsters we want,' I said, 'children's choirs and things like that. Young artists and young people's choirs whose parents and friends will want to come to see and hear them.' I felt that it would give a lot of young people a chance to be heard, too."

There were sixteen of these concerts. The lowest attendance was 61 and the highest 250. "Every Sunday," Mr. Hedley told me, "I asked the people who were there for the

first time to put up their hands. I told them that I really wanted to know. I wanted to know, too, how many people had heard of the Museum for the first time through these concerts. Three hundred people had never been to the Museum before. Half of them had never even heard of it. Some of them thought that the Museum was open only to members and that it was very expensive. They were surprised to find that they could be members for a dollar. Many thought that membership was the prerogative of the privileged few. A large number of these people have become regular visitors. It has opened new vistas to them and it has become a friendly place to newcomers who are nearly always lonely. I know that a number of young artists have had their first public hearing here at these concerts. We have encouraged the speech arts too. I believe the arts belong together. United they are strong. These Sunday afternoons are going to prove the need for a Civic Centre. In the minds of the people who attend the concerts, art and music and poetry are going to be connected with warmth and pleasure and sympathy. We provide refreshments after the concerts and encourage the visitors to wander around looking at the exhibits while they eat. They'll come to think of the arts as an essential part of a full life and not as something highbrow and out of reach. We've had a great deal of publicity in the papers and that has brought people who have nowhere to go."

We were looking at the exhibit cases. "That's another thing people find interesting," Mr. Hedley said. "Those are Eskimo relics there. Some of these exhibits are thousands of years old. They are so old that even the modern Eskimo doesn't know what they mean." Pointing to some other cases Mr. Hedley said, "These are Indian exhibits.

The Indian is getting modern very fast and before very long we'll be wishing we had preserved more of these examples of his art. Children are very interested in these cases, and the children are the future citizens of Edmonton. If they enjoy the Museum now, they'll always be attached to it. What I'd really like is an Indian room. We have all manner of material packed away in boxes. There isn't room to exhibit more than part of it at one time. If we had the money and the space we could spread the stuff around and make a story of it. The story of the first people who lived in Canada. You know, in future days, people in Edmonton are going to care more about the arts than they do now, and they are going to be really critical of us if these priceless things aren't preserved."

Robert Wesley Hedley does not pretend to be an outstanding artist, although one or two of his pictures are always chosen for the exhibition, and he loves to paint. Last year he was given an unique honour by the Royal Society of Arts. He was made a Fellow of that Society. This honour has been conferred on very few Canadians.

But it is not as a connoisseur of art or as a great artist that Mr. Hedley will be remembered by future generations of Edmontonians. When the arts come into their own in this city and we finally build a civic centre that will be a home for the arts where they can grow and flourish as things of the spirit should, it will be because he kept the spirit of the arts alive in the dense fog of an apathetic city that Mr. Hedley will be remembered. Without benefit of wealth or position he has worked quietly and efficiently to make the Museum of Arts a true home of *all* the arts for the people of Edmonton.

### UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA BANFF SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS WRITERS' SCHOLARSHIP 1949 CONTEST WINNER

The judges have announced that the Banff School of Fine Arts Writers' Scholarship, offered through STET in its April issue, has been won by *The Dress*, submitted by Mrs. Milwyn

Adams Davies, 3 Montcalm Apartments, Edmonton.

An article by Mrs. Davies appears on Page 17 of this issue.

# SMALL-TOWN INTERLUDE

*By*  
*H. U. Weekes*

**F**ORTY-TWO years ago, Lem Porteous left Winston in the middle of the night. Some people said he went east, and some said west, and others just shook their heads and said it was a pity he ever went away at all. As the years went by, the pictures of Lem they carried in their minds faded or changed, according to their ways of thinking, and by the time I heard the story, there wasn't much anyone could be sure about, except that he was a medium little guy, with hair red enough to start a fire, and a grin so wide it seemed to hang down from his ears like a pair of spectacles. Styles don't change much in Winston, though, so it's likely he'd be wearing the usual checkered shirt under his clean blue overalls the night he came to town to see Mona Jackson.

Most of the Winston folk remember Mona. Some of them even have a picture or two tucked away in the family album. They show her as a tall girl, black haired, and graceful even in her old-fashioned clothes, with small hands ending in long, almost fragile fingers, and a face dominated by dark eyes that seem enormous and look right out at you, from the picture, with a hint of laughter that might be a reflection from a mouth just enough too wide to make her beautiful, rather than pretty. The pictures are faded a bit, maybe, but they're still clear enough to make it plain why Lem Porteous fell in love her very first day in high school, and why he went on smiling his funny smile and weaving dreams about her—if he did—right up to his last night in Winston.

It would be easy, not knowing the facts of the case, to imagine a real romance between them, with moonlight walks out to

Silver Point, or quiet evenings together on the old-fashioned swing on Mona's wide porch. You could almost make believe, as Winston did, that you saw Lem's happy grin getting broader every minute as he listened to Mona's quiet voice planning their future together. Then, when you'd got your picture all built up, you'd be dead wrong, because it wasn't that way at all. The whole truth probably will never be known, for people forget in forty-two years, and change things in their minds, and some of the most important parts could be known only to Lem and Mona themselves. Even the ending is missing, so the story, as far as it could be pieced together, is just an interlude. One thing is certain: even the democratic, small-town atmosphere of Winston wasn't enough to span the distance between Lem and Mona, if folks had had sense enough to see it that way.

When Dave Porteous, Lem's father, died, he did so peacefully, knowing that Lem, young as he was, would find some way to keep his two sisters and their mother together, and would manage somehow to wrest a living for them from the rocky, side-hill farm that was Dave's only bequest. He had been right, too, but the problems Lem inherited left him little time for a life of his own, and even the education he determined to get was purchased at the price of long hours of work before other people were up, and longer hours through the evening until after the last, lingering light in Winston had been extinguished for the night. From his efforts he gained a simple living for his family, a reputation for dependability, and a new checkered shirt when the old one could be patched no longer.

That same summer, George Jackson



bought Winston's only industry, the flour mill at the edge of town, and brought his daughter, Mona, to live with him in the big brick mansion on Baker Street. The first day of the fall term, he sent her to high school, and before the classes were properly settled, Lem Porteous was in love.

It is likely that Mona was entirely unaware of her first conquest in Winston, for Lem, too busy making a living to join his classmates in any of their activities outside of school, was always in the background, and seemed content to remain so. According to the way they tell it now, none of the students realized until later that there was anything different about him, and if they had, they would probably have put it down to the long hours he worked, or to the fact that he wasn't really a town boy at all, even if the lower edge of his farm did almost touch the town limits. From the first, Mona was popular with the girls, and that in spite of the interest the boys showed in her, while Lem was just as usual, present but ignored. Things might have stayed that way all year if it hadn't been for Miles Beekman and the incident at the school pump.

Every school seems to have at least one Miles Beekman, one youngster whose growth has been entirely concentrated in the size of his body and the insufferable quality of his ego. The Winston version had also inherited a rather pimply copy of his father's good looks, and had brought the notorious Beekman personality to a new perfection of meanness. It was perfectly natural that he should take the lead in approaching Mona, and equally to be expected that she should have little patience with the cruder pastimes he would inevitably suggest. Rebuffed, as he must have been, Miles Beekman would be bound to nurse a desire to get even with the newcomer, while the very physical nature of his mind would be certain to suggest, sooner or later, the school pump.

Perhaps it was unlucky for all three of them that Miles should have chosen the last afternoon before the Christmas holidays to humble the girl who scorned him, that Mona should have been kept late to settle the last details of the Christmas concert, and that Lem Porteous should have had to wait for a book the principal had promised to

lend him over the holidays. However that may be, Lem came out of school in time to see Miles and Mona alone in the schoolyard, with Miles holding the girl's dark curls under the pump and working the handle vigorously. Just what happened after that, the beginning anyway, isn't too clear, for the only one to witness that part of it was Jim Magoon, who was a block away, and short-sighted at that. The end of it is common property. Lem Porteous, his left eye swelled shut and his nose broken, finally was pulled off the prostrate and whimpering Miles by the principal, barely in time to save the pimply youth from having his head broken on the corner of the pump stand. When the fight was over, Lem picked up the book from the school steps and walked away without a word.

The next day, of course, the story was all over town. Lem's young sister came in the cutter for the groceries and mail, and said Lem was too busy, but even as accomplished an inquisitor as Sam Hartman couldn't get any more information out of her. A little later, Doc Wheatley got a call to the Beekman place, and came back shaking his head, declaring that boys played very rough. In the way that small towns have, Winston began right then to think of Mona Jackson as Lem's girl, and started twisting every ordinary happening into something that would fit that theory. There wasn't anything mean about the people of Winston, and yet, as near as one can guess from what happened later, they unwittingly started a persecution of Mona Jackson that wasn't to end for over twenty years.

Max Wilson might be given the credit, or blame, for the first active move. Max hated Miles Beekman, but he did have a great respect for his size and strength, and it was only after Mona had refused Miles, and even then only with secret misgivings, that he had invited Mona to go with him to the skating party planned for Christmas eve. When Lem eliminated Miles, Max, who was nearer to Lem's size than the Beekman boy, decided it wasn't safe to take Mona anywhere, and got May Bridges to tell Mona on her way past the big Jackson house. None of the other boys were any more venturesome, so in the end Mona wasn't at the party at all, and that was translated to mean that she and Lem had other things to do that evening.

Christmas Day in Winston was pretty much of a family day. Most people went home, after church in the morning, to enjoy their own celebrations, and there was little visiting back and forth, except between close relatives. The sound of sleigh-bells in the street on such a day was enough to bring the curious to their windows, so more than one person saw Lem Porteous driving along Main Street toward the upper part of town, where Mona lived. May Bridges saw him too, even rode with him the last few blocks to her home, where Lem delivered the extra turkey her mother had ordered when she found her sister's children would be staying over the holiday. May didn't think it important, and the peepers didn't wait for an explanation anyway. They saw Lem go by; they guessed where he was going; and that was enough. It settled everything for them. A young man didn't call on a girl Christmas Day unless they had an understanding.

It must have been a very unhappy holiday that year for Mona Jackson, alone in the huge house with only her father and their two old servants. She must have wondered why the young folk of Winston began so suddenly to ignore her in their plans. Perhaps her father asked her about it, and if he did, she must have hidden her hurt under a pretence that she felt herself above them and wanted to be left alone, and so made things worse than ever. Most of the men-folk of Winston were uncomfortable in George Jackson's presence, and George himself considered he had little in common with them. None of them would have presumed to talk to George about his only daughter. Mona's girl friends, the ones who could have explained the town's misunderstanding most easily, either were busy with their own adolescent romances or thought it proper to leave her alone with hers. One way and another, the trifling incident at the school pump grew like a snowball until the holiday was over, and then it was too late to do anything about it.

When the second term convened at the high school, everyone was in his place; everyone, that is, but Miles Beekman, who let it be known that his father considered the facilities of the local institution inadequate to the proper education of his son. Lem Porteous was there, still as quiet as

ever, still preoccupied with his studies, and still smiling the same wide, friendly smile. His classmates, however, their eyes sharpened by the new interest they took in him, found more in Lem's smile and in the look in his eyes than they had seen before, and nudged each other and whispered about the way his face changed whenever he looked at Mona. She was back in her place, too, but the loneliness of her holiday had made changes in her. Now her nose was in the air, her face stiff with a defensive pride, and there was a condescending twist to her smile that made enemies of those who had been her friends. She took no further interest in activities outside the classroom, and hurried home the moment class was dismissed, while the town, far from seeing anything amiss, smiled knowingly at each other and used her actions to add color to the picture they were painting for themselves.

No one in Winston remembers anything special happening during the rest of the school year. That's the peculiar thing about the whole story, that nothing of importance ever did happen. It just goes to show the power of an idea that nobody noticed any incongruity in the facts as compared with his estimate of them. Anyway, graduation day came at last, and that evening Lem Porteous walked the length of Main Street to call on Mona Jackson.

If you discount the obvious conclusion to which Winston leaped when Lem turned in at the poplar-shaded gate and followed the walk that led to Mona's door, it becomes purely a matter of speculation why he went there at all. Perhaps Winston was right in that part of it, and Lem did seek something of Mona Jackson. Perhaps he had made his dreams over into plans, and sought her approval of them. Perhaps, when he found her on the swing and sought a place for himself on the top step of the verandah, almost at her feet, he told her all the things that were in his heart, and perhaps she listened. All that might have happened, but in the light of later events it doesn't seem likely. Perhaps Lem really went to the Jackson house to ask George Jackson for a job in the mill, and if that were so, he didn't get it. The town, of course, had made up its mind, and when Tad Murphy reported seeing Lem talking with George Jackson at

the gate, sometime after ten, its picture seemed just about complete. People were so satisfied with the way they had thought things out that they just couldn't believe it when they heard Lem Porteous had left town.

No one actually saw him go. Les Hopkins, over at the station, did recall noticing him standing around the platform, but he hadn't sold Lem a ticket, and he couldn't quite remember whether he'd seen him around eleven, when the eastbound was due, or maybe half an hour later, when the Flyer left for the west. Lem's family were either as surprised as the rest of Winston, or else they weren't giving away any secrets, and a month or two later they drove away in their old-fashioned democrat, and never came back, so that possible source of in-

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## To a Young Violinist

Slim, silver-slippered beauty, on tip-toe  
Reaching for beauty where it throbs and  
sighs,  
Caught by your witchcraft in the subtle  
bow,  
Ah, we could be enslaved by your bright  
eyes,  
Intense, life-loving face and vibrant form!  
No wonder Music comes at your command,  
Speaks at each movement of your slender  
hand!

*Marjorie Lee.*

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formation was closed. Sam Hartman tried to pump the man who came to sell the farm and machinery, and May Bridges made a thorough search of all the cabinet and bureau drawers before the furniture was auctioned, but neither learned anything. Anyway, the important thing was that he had gone, and that the perfect picture the town had made was somehow out of focus.

In any town but Winston, the whole crazy business would have stopped right there, and Mona would have had things explained to her, and gradually she would

have taken her place among the young people who had been her classmates. That's the way it would have been anywhere else, but Winston rallied from its first surprise and figured things out all over again. According to them, Lem had left town to make a start somewhere else, while Mona waited in Winston, as she had promised to do, until he could come for her. The new theory pleased them even more than the old. After a year or so, they began to speculate on how soon he would be back, and Billy Penn, the postmaster, promised to let folks know if Mona got a letter that looked as though it might be from Lem. In the meantime, Mona was left just where they had placed her after the fight at the pump, officially Lem's girl, and out of bounds to anyone else.

It doesn't take much imagination to reconstruct the life Mona must have lived in the next few years. From her father's big house at the top of Baker Street, she could look out over the town and the plain, aging houses that huddled in their individual hideouts of poplar or willow, and over the more pretentious buildings along Main Street, whose high, false fronts would be exposed for the sham they were. She could see right down to the mill at the lower end, and past it to the sluggish river that crept past the edge of town, and over the bridge to the farm that had once been Lem's, and beyond to where the rolling fields appeared on the valley's other rim. She could look down into the town itself and see the people who might have been her friends plodding dustily about their business. From the boredom that must have assailed her, she gradually began to have a finger in the mill's affairs, assuming more and more responsibility as her father's health declined, until it was generally understood that she, and not George Jackson, was the real manager of the mill. It was a strange occupation, in those days, for a girl of her age, but if she made any complaint, there is no record of it.

Perhaps that is why people continued to like Mona Jackson, despite the cold, aloof face she turned toward them, why they sought to excuse the superior, condescending manner they might have been expected to resent. Those who remembered him blamed Lem Porteous, and those who did not spoke



of the load of care she carried on her young shoulders. What Mona thought of Winston may be surmised but it is clear she made no effort to cross the barriers the town had raised.

When five years had gone by without a word from him, most people gave up expecting Lem Porteous, if they hadn't forgotten all about him, but by that time Mona was settled, and unapproachable. Ten years after Lem had left Winston, George Jackson suffered a stroke, not fatal, but enough to keep him on his back for the five years before he died. When they buried him, a man came down from the city to arrange his affairs, and people grew anxious over their futures if Mona should give up the mill. Lew Stabner, who worked in the mill office, said it was practically on the rocks, that her lawyer wanted her to sell, but that she wouldn't. People just concluded that Lew was trying to make himself important, and paid little attention to his story, particularly after the lawyer went away and the mill went on as usual. Now Mona was thirty-four, beginning to grey a little. She was the sole owner of the mill, controlling more than half the town's payroll, and in that position she was even further removed than ever from the people of the town.

There were signs, however, that Mona was having trouble. First of all, she sold her horses, and the fine carriage she had used to drive to and from the mill. Her clothes, still better than anyone else in Winston could afford, became dated, and no new boxes came to her from the city's big stores. The worriers pointed to these changes as signs that the mill was losing money, but it continued to run, the payroll was always met promptly, and people began to talk of something else. The mill had been Mona's for seven years the night of the fire.

Everyone who was in Winston at the time remembers the big fire. It was the worst they'll ever see, for Winston boasts no building over two storeys now. It was fortunate for the town that the wind was blowing south the night Les Hopkins saw the smoke on his way home from work, and went rushing down the street shouting that the mill was on fire. The volunteer brigade turned out to a man, and quickly, but the

blaze had got a good start, and all they could do, with a single chemical rig, was to try to keep the rest of the town from going with the mill.

Someone ran to tell Mona, but she was already halfway down Main Street, fully dressed and striding like a man toward the mill. The crowd opened up when she got to them, and let her through, and even the cordon of volunteers allowed her to pass. She stopped a few feet from them, her face toward the fire. Against the lurid brightness of the flaming mill, she was silhouetted like a statue in ebony, and as motionless, while the beams of the old building cracked like gunshots, hurling showers of sparks skyward to mingle with the thick, black, writhing smoke.

The crowd had been noisy with excitement before she arrived, but now they were silent, awed, perhaps, by the ferocity of the leaping flames; or perhaps their quiet had something to do with the taut, rigid figure that stood between them and the blaze, watching her career burn down. They were dumb as she half turned to look along the line of volunteers, and behind them, at the crowd itself. The fire roared in sudden triumph as the roof of the mill fell crashing inside the flaming walls, and then as suddenly was almost quiet, as though resting for the final assault. In the midst of that sudden vacuum of sound, Mona Jackson spoke.

Les Hopkins was close enough to see her face, and Hopkins has less imagination than most. It wouldn't be like him to conjure up anything that wasn't there, and yet, twenty years after, his eyes held something that was almost fear when he tried to tell me what he saw. In the few moments she had stood and watched the flaming ruins of the life Winston had forced upon her, something strange had happened to Mona Jackson, or perhaps it was just the last part of what had been happening all along, but the face Les Hopkins saw was that of an old woman. The lines of her face had twisted, and her voice, when she spoke, was low, harsh, vibrating with hatred and bitter vicious contempt.

"That's Winston burning down," she said. "Good riddance!"

Behind her, the flames rose high again, tearing noisily at the dying mill.

# On The Export Of GAS

by F. W. Ramsay



**I**N considering the export of natural gas from Alberta, we must first face the fact that Alberta's gas supply is not inexhaustible. The rapidity with which the Mesabi iron ranges and the American copper deposits have been exhausted during the last decade has illustrated graphically the limitations existing even to seemingly boundless natural resources. We must further realize that, despite a division of opinion on the matter, the distinct possibility occurs that the gas deposits may last only a period of a few decades if exploited industrially. Thus, in making a decision for or against the export of natural gas, we must decide how the gas can be exploited for the maximum good of Alberta and Canada while it lasts.

Three general possibilities present themselves: first, export for industrial and commercial consumption in the United States; second, export to British Columbia or Manitoba for consumption in those provinces; lastly, ban on the export of natural gas and development of consumption at home in Alberta. Little likelihood exists that export to the United States could be carried on simultaneously with wide-spread consumption in Canada, since the drain on the gas reserves would be entirely too drastic. A spokesman for a United States firm has pointed out that United States consumers would require the greatest part of the gas available if export were to be commenced at all. Furthermore, he stated that Canadian consumers probably would have to pay prices comparable to those paid by American consumers for the gas.

Despite these disadvantages, the supply of American dollars produced by export of natural gas from Alberta to the United States certainly counts as a telling argument in favour of export. On examination,

the increased dollar supply loses a great deal of its attraction, however. If the gas supply were diverted to Canadian industry, it could manufacture articles for export to the United States which would bring more money than the sale of a cheap, raw, natural commodity such as gas. Under the present federal scheme for building up Canadian industry, the first objective of any Canadian industry consuming gas is the manufacture of articles for export to the United States. Sale of gas to United States industrial concerns would face already existing Canadian industries with an impossible problem. They would have to compete across a tariff barrier with United States industries using a cheap fuel for the manufacture of goods for the home market. Still worse, the export of gas would aggravate the existing unbalance of living standards and employment opportunities between the United States and Canada and would thus increase the flow of Canadians across the border. Accordingly, if export to the United States presents such a forbidding aspect, we must examine the other possibilities.

Export of gas to British Columbia would immediately place British Columbia industrialists in a very favourable position. On one hand, they would possess a cheap source of fuel for their industries and on the other hand they would have available cheap water transportation to carry their products to the world's markets. The case for export to British Columbia does not lack its weaknesses however. Recently two large United States firms announced their intention to build large power dams at two spots along the West Coast. If these firms carry out their plans, Alberta might find the electricity produced a serious competitor to its exported natural gas. A further complication might be that Alberta might develop

an unhealthy dependency on the sales of natural gas to British Columbia, neglecting the development of industry at home and would then find herself in the unfavourable position of selling the natural gas at dirt cheap rates in order to compete with electricity. The same objection applies to export to the United States where the opening of gas fields in Montana is a distinct possibility. The export of natural gas to British Columbia would certainly be desirable by British Columbia standards; however, in studying the desirability of the export of natural gas out of Alberta, we are, by implication, searching for the course most in Alberta's interest.

The expansion of British Columbia's industry might place a handicap on Alberta's industrial expansion. As indicated, British Columbia already possesses great resources of potential electrical power. Thus export of gas to British Columbia would have the effect of increasing the handicap unnecessarily. If Alberta bans natural gas export, the presence of cheap natural gas in the province may draw the necessary capital for the establishment of industry. The development of more efficient diesel engines and the ready availability of diesel fuel from Alberta's oil fields may contribute to making rail transportation of articles manufactured in Alberta nearly as cheap as the water transportation available to British Columbia. Also, the influx of population that accompanies the establishment of industry would make Alberta politically capable of securing a fairer arrangement of rail rates than those existing at the present time. Thus the establishment of industry in Alberta is not so difficult as at first may appear. As indicated the maintenance of a large supply of cheap natural gas in Alberta would make industrial development vastly easier.

Certainly the advantages of possible industrial expansion in Alberta fully justify taking steps to bring it about. A manufacturing centre situated in Edmonton, for instance, could utilize the rich supply of raw materials in the Yukon. Establishment of industry in Alberta would lead to development of other resources besides gas. The money brought into the province would soon show up in an increased standard of living for Alberta's laborers. The Alberta govern-

ment would have an increased supply of tax money—probably greater than could be produced from export of cheap natural gas for sale at competitive prices. And looking still further into the future, Alberta, with an established industry and a large population, could face the age of atomic manufacturing plants with considerably more confidence than if she depended on the export of natural gas, then outmoded as fuel, for all her income. The likelihood exists that these atomic factories may become practicable before Alberta's gas supply is exhausted. The transition from gas fuel to atomic energy could, if intelligently handled, be carried out without undue disturbance. Alberta would then face the future as an established manufacturing province, capable of upholding Canada's standards at home and abroad.

In summary, strong objections attach to export of Alberta's natural gas to the United States, and less serious but important considerations militate against export to British Columbia. It seems the best policy to allow only limited export of gas at the most and to strive for the establishment of industry in Alberta. Possibly the export of gas to cities in Saskatchewan and Manitoba might be used to finance industrial development. However, Alberta should maintain her gas reserves at a high level in the expectation of the industrialization of the province. Therefore, Alberta necessarily must ban export of gas to the United States and British Columbia—voracious consumers and potential competitors in the industrial world of the future.



#### Yatata Yatata

I'm beginning to hate the woman next door;

She hardly says two words any more  
Across the fence; yet when we meet  
At the busiest corner of any street,  
She'll plant her bulk like a traffic block,  
And then she'll talk and talk and talk.

—Ego.



# Into the Backwoods

by E. M. Krantz

**D**O you remember the fall of 1941? Rainy, wasn't it? That was the year, remember, when the R.C.A.F. took possession of the Normal School and the Normal School Staff spent weeks adjusting themselves and the Normalites to the cramped quarters of the Garneau High School.

And remember how shocked everyone was to discover that there just weren't enough available teachers to fill the schools, and how all the teachers who were available migrated to the "good" schools in "good" locations, thereby forcing schools in outlying districts to open their doors in vain, a situation which upset the parents and the trustees, but just meant a longer holiday to the youngsters? That was also the year then, when education experts decided that the only thing to do was to abbreviate the teacher training program, and to send the Normalites out in relays to man the otherwise empty schools. They called us trainees then, the whole country being military-minded.

Five weeks after Normal School opened, that fall of 1941 the first batch of trainees set forth for distant parts of the province. North, west, south and east we went, with a bewildering amount of information crammed, for the most part into brief cases rather than into our heads. We had learned how to mark the registers, we knew something about the teaching of reading, writing and number work, but above all we had learned the ideals and the aims of the true teacher.

By far the largest number of trainees went north, separating into two groups at McLennan, one group following the Peace River line, the other the line to Grande Prairie and Dawson Creek, our numbers gradually dispersing as we went.

Three of us detrained at Grande Prairie and continued our journey by truck, going east from Grande Prairie back across the Smoky River and into what is now the East Smoky School Division. About thirty

miles beyond the river we left the two boys at the two-roomed Ridge Valley School. I see them still in my mind's eye, as we left them, a forlorn looking pair, standing in front of the little teacherage, (for they were to batch) with a trunk between them, and a broken cardboard box spilling cans of soup and vegetables over the muddy ground. I wondered if their mothers had taught them how to keep house and darn their socks, but I needn't have worried, for they were promptly adopted by the ladies of the district, young and old, who spoiled them more thoroughly than their mothers ever could have done.

Another three miles by truck and the last four by team and wagon was my lot. The road into the Simonette had been newly cleared and ploughed during the summer, and the horses wallowed hock deep in mud and water.

Three weary hours later we arrived at the farm where I was to board. The family greeted me with the finest of northern hospitality, arranging for every comfort within their power. I have been into many far more modern homes since then, but in few of them have I felt so welcome, or found such a wealth of friendship and good advice as I found in that one, nor have I needed it quite so much since.

The next day being Sunday, I sallied forth to have a look at the school, which was set in a small clearing on the bank of the Simonette River, just half a mile away. The shock was terrific! Whoever erected that tiny log building knew nothing about hewing and mortising logs. Much of the clay and moss plastering had fallen out, leaving six inch openings between the logs through which the wind whistled and the snow drifted, while we huddled around the big barrel stove with our books.

A brick chimney, built by equally inexperienced hands, leaned like the Tower of Pisa, with great rough gobs of cement here and there on its surface. A nine-day wonder

to me was the way in which it withstood the winter winds, never once releasing upon our unprotected heads the expected shower of brick and cement.

The heavy door was held shut by a wooden bar, which slid into place from the outside. The door itself, too heavy even for two enormous barn door hinges, sagged on the threshold, and taxed to the full my meagre strength when I tried to close it. There was no latch of any sort on the inside, and when the wind blew too fiercely, one of the boys slid the wooden bar into place from the outside and then crawled in through the window.

The school had been closed since May and my first glimpse of the interior almost reduced me to tears. There were no cupboards, and the open shelves had been invaded by an army of mice, who had built their nests in every convenient corner and box in the place. Scarcely a book but showed traces of their tiny teeth, and many were beyond repair.

Dust lay thick over the clumsy homemade desks. Evidently there was no carpenter in the district, for all the furniture was made in the same style. We became very adroit in avoiding rough corners and protruding nails, the latter never would stay where they belonged, no matter how we pounded.

Fortunately, the family who had so readily taken me into their midst, did not fail me now, and before nightfall the school was as clean and tidy as soap, water and willing hands could make it.

The next day I faced my pupils, all fourteen of them, in fear and trembling. They accepted me wholeheartedly, however,

genuinely happy to be back at school, never questioning my qualifications. How I worked to justify their faith. I learned the immense satisfaction of having a beginner bring me a book which she had successfully read all by herself, of seeing the look of triumph on the face of a twelve-year-old boy when he discovered that he didn't have to "pussy-foot" around the fractions in his arithmetic. And I also learned what a serious thing it is, and how very wrong, to attempt to fill so vital a position when one is inadequately prepared, lacking nine-tenths of the professional training necessary. What I learned far exceeded the amount I taught.

I worked hard, but social life was not neglected. There were dances, box socials, whist drives, skating parties, house parties, and sleigh rides. There was a combined dance and box social to raise money for the children's Christmas treats, and a twenty-mile trip into Debolt by team and cutter, in below zero weather to buy them. Finally there were the Christmas concerts. We attended as many as we could, a distance of ten miles being of small moment between new settlements.

For me, the concert ended my responsibilities. The first batch of trainees were to return to Normal School in January, a second group coming out to take our places. The register balanced, my suitcase packed, I said goodbye to the many friends I had found, and returned to the much duller life of a student. But I took with me the knowledge that I had chosen the right profession, and that there are rewards for work well done which far transcend material gains.

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# THE MEMORIAL ORGAN

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By HELEN MCGREGOR

I HAVE been sitting here for a long while, chin in hand, listening to the clock tick out its endless chain of minutes. The long hand moves slowly, almost imperceptibly linking minute to minute, measuring the time to cook an egg, the length of a lecture, a

man's life. Smash the clock on the ground, hide from the sun in some dark subterranean cavern, spend your life away from the rest of mankind in a barren hermitage, but still time will pass and our days on the earth are numbered.

We all know this, yet we cling to hope that no matter how we live we shall be remembered. Yet who among us is worthy of a memorial? We all are, I suppose, by the mere fact that we were born of this earth and have lived our lives upon it, but more worthy than the rest are they who should have helped father our children and lead our nation, the men who died in the two wars of our generation, who lie impotent in foreign ground. That they should not be forgotten we have a memorial day, a cenotaph, and in our University an organ.

It is a memorial organ. The University might have built a cenotaph, or as someone suggested at the time (1922) a rink, but it chose an organ and placed it in Convocation Hall. With it are bronze plaques inscribed with the names of former students and teachers who died in action, but these are mere tokens of honor. The real memorial is the organ.

By 1922 the University had collected one-half the sum that was to be used for a war memorial. The other half was contributed by the buildings staff, by students, the faculty, alumnae and friends. On November 11, 1925, the organ was officially dedicated.

Those who were students or members of the staff at that time and in the years that followed will remember the regular Sunday services which were held every week in Convocation Hall. A committee was in charge of arrangements and a special fund looked after the expenses involved. In those days the service was conducted by visiting clergy from all over the province. It was not only the variety of clergymen, but also the large part which the organ played in the service which drew such excellent attendance. Frequently ministerial attendance was dispensed with completely, and a service of choir and organ music took the place of formal sermon and ceremony.

In the years from 1925 to 1939 one concert a week was given by Professor Nichols, who has been from the beginning official University organist. In those long past, golden days, all labs finished by four o'clock, and Convocation Hall was free for recitals in the afternoon. Then, before radio became a formidable competitor, many students attended and enjoyed the afternoon concerts and the frequent, impromptu evening ones. During examination time Mr. Nichols

played almost every evening, and the majestic chords of Bach echoed through the long empty halls of the Arts Building and penetrated pleasantly to the crowded library. It became traditional that students would spend their evening break from studies in Convocation Hall, listening to the music of the organ. There was a relaxation there that was missed when the accelerated tempo of student life and the increased attendance forced recitals to be formal, scheduled, and less frequent, and there were fewer opportunities for a quiet half hour of music in the evening.

But the organ has not been forgotten. Additions have been made, and there is still room for two more stops of one hundred and forty-eight pipes to be added. No request for upkeep or improvement to the organ has been denied by the University authorities, who seem to remember that this instrument of music is a memorial to the past and a joy—even an inspiration—to the present.

Each year a new class enters the University and an old class slides away into that backwash of the campus—life. The friendships and associations which built a solid wall about our years as students break bit by bit with the years, slowly crumbling away to leave only a few memories of that tight little self-centered world. What will we remember? A prom, a boy or girl perhaps, a professor, and an evening in the library in the April of our freshman year, when examinations loomed alarmingly near and life was very, very serious. Perhaps the last of these memories will be of that evening—the break at nine o'clock, the Arts rotunda quiet and shadowy, empty of all but a figure or two and the glow of a cigarette—and then the music, vibrant behind closed doors. Perhaps we shall remember walking up the stone stairs, our hands on the smooth, worn railing, to the balcony doors, slipping into one of the pew-like seats to listen. Perhaps we will remember the figure of the organist, etched against the lighted score and the glow of dull red wood, or perhaps we will remember only the music.

The music seems to come from no special place, but swirls around us and above. The sound floats to the ceiling and reflects downward upon the listeners. The music



may be haunting in our memories, old organ classics or stately hymns, or we may remember the lighter melodies that were a part of the past and the hope of the future. You may recall with the music the words of philosophers and poets, Pythagorus, the music of the spheres—"there let the peeling Organ blow"—and all the tag ends of lectures and poems which seem to blend with the half-forgotten bars and chords.

The backwash of the campus takes everyone—to teach in Manyberries, to farm

near Wetaskiwin, to nurse in Cardston, to the oil fields of Leduc or the broad rich lands of the Peace, to the laboratories of the world. We have forgotten, and we shall forget, so many things, yet perhaps we shall remember the brief half hour of respite spent listening to the voice of the memorial organ. Teachers may tell its story and bring its song into a prairie schoolhouse; men and women everywhere may remember the music in the quick backward glances which they give to their youth.

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- (d) Chipmunk (section devoted to doings on the campus).
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